

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

NUMBER 26.

TALES.

From the Model American Courier.

THE WICKED MAGISTRATE. A TOUCHING REMINISCENCE.

SOME years ago, while an apprentice, my master gave me a bill to collect on an Alderman in the lower part of the city. On calling at his office, I found the Squire, and handed him the bill.

"Sit down, my man," said he, "and wait a few minutes, while I go over to my house—(which was opposite)—and get you the money.

In a few minutes he appeared with the money in his hand—all in silver. He handed me his receipt book, and while I was writing the receipt, he counted the money and laid it on the desk beside me. After I had finished I picked up the money and counted it, as I had frequent charges to do so by my master, who was very particular in his business transactions.

"There is not enough, sir, by two dollars," said I, after I had counted it, and handed him the money back again to recount. He looked up from his docket—for he pretended to be very busily engaged in writing—and told me to count it again, for he was sure he had laid the whole of the bill by me. I re-counted it on his desk, laying each dollar by itself, and it showed just two dollars short.

"I could swear," said the Alderman, in a violent passion, "over a cart-load of Bibles, that I gave you the whole of the money. You must have put it in your pocket. So go home with you for I am very busy, and cannot be interrupted. I dare say you will find the money before you get there."

I began to cry bitterly on the imputation of being a thief. I told him I could not go home without the money—that my father had lately died and left my mother indigent, and the additional trouble of such an imputation cast upon her son, her only comfort, as she often said, in her affliction, I knew would kill her. "See here," said I, turning my pockets wrong side out, "you can see I did not put it in my pockets. Oh! sir," continued I, as the great worth of a good name presented itself to my mind, and my miserable situation if I should lose it—"do not, for Heaven's sake, ruin my character by sending me away without the whole of the money!"

"It is well," said the Alderman, in a rage, "that

I have no officer here, or your master would find you in prison!" and taking me by the arm, he put me out of doors.

I walked some distance homeward, and then sat down to reflect on what I should do.

"Heavens!" thought I, "what shall I do?"—To go to my master without the money I could not as he would certainly believe the Alderman before me; and to go to my mother would be only adding to her trouble, as I knew she could not help me, as she barely made enough by her daily labor to supply even her own moderate wants.

What a situation for a high-spirited boy to be placed in, by a man who had children of his own!

The very night before, to comfort my mother in her grief, I had told her what great things I would do for her, if God would spare me to become a man; and now to go and tell her I was suspected of being a thief, and may be, notwithstanding her high opinion of her boy, the thought might enter her bosom that her son was not entirely innocent—to go to her I could not, and would not.

My mind, even now, although this event occurred many years ago, recoils with terror from the resolution I had formed on that cellar-door, rather than go home a thief; but God ordered otherwise, and saved me from the gulf in which I was about to plunge.

"What is the matter with you, William?" said my cousin Annie, who just approached as I got up to put my terrible resolution in force; "you seem to have been crying. Are you sick? Do tell me what ails you?"

I walked along with her, (for she was saleswoman in a dry goods store in the neighborhood, and was going there from an errand when she met me) and told her my story. She sympathized deeply with me, and told me the Alderman did not bear a good character in the neighborhood, and that I must not mind it—that God would certainly protect me from all evil, if I would only trust in Him.

"I have some money," said she, "that I have been saving for my winter clothing; if you will walk up the street slowly, I will go in the store and get you what you want to make up your bill. I would ask you to come in," she continued, "but they will see you have been crying, and will want to know the reason, and I don't wish them to know anything about it."

I walked slowly up the street, and in a few min-

utes was joined by my cousin, who handed me her purse.

"Be particular," said she, on parting, "not to say anything to your mother about it, as it would only unnecessarily trouble her, and I will likewise never open my lips about it, but keep it quiet."

And here I would like to linger and describe my lovely cousin Annie. Her angel countenance—her meek and lowly spirit, devoted piety and pure benevolence;—but I must reserve it for another occasion.

I went home to my master and handed him the money; he counted it, and said it was all right.—I pulled off my coat and attempted to go to work, but could not, as my heart was too full. I sat down on my bench and began to cry as if my heart would break, for my sore trial and escape had overcome me, now that it was over.

"William," said my master, in astonishment, calling me into the next room, out of the way of the rest of the boys, "what can have happened?—I saw when you came in you had been crying, but thought you might have fallen and hurt yourself, perhaps, or been hurt."

I briefly related what had occurred in the Alderman's office—hiding, however, the fact that he had sent me away without the balance of the money.

A few months afterwards my master told me he had been sent for by the same Alderman to take the patterns of a new sett of books. "But you said he had treated you so shamefully, William, that I determined to have nothing more to do with him, so I told him we could not make them."

How fervently I thanked God for this mark of confidence in my master!—none can realize but those who have been placed in similar circumstances

But I will not prolong (to me) a melancholy reminiscence further than to say that I have lived to see the just retribution of Heaven fall upon that unjust magistrate; his office taken from him, his character a by-word, and himself a fugitive from justice, and obliged to end his days, separated from his family, in a foreign land.

We should be careful, I know, not to call Misfortune by the name of Retribution: but if there be a sin before high Heaven greater than others, it is stealing the character of a poor Widow's hope—her Son.

W. J.

New Jersey, July 21, 1849.

BIOGRAPHY.



JOHN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT.

JOHN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT, born at Paris in 1717, was the son of M. Destouches and the celebrated Madame de Tencin. He was left on the steps of a church by his unworthy parents, and was so weak that, instead of sending him to the Foundling Hospital, the commissary of police intrusted him to the care of a poor glazier's wife. Repenting of his barbarity, his father subsequently settled on him an annuity of fifty pounds. D'Alembert was brought up at Mazarin College, where he made surprising progress in mathematics. On his quitting the college he went to reside with his nurse, with whom he continued for forty years, and loved her with filial affection. He was admitted a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1741, and soon acquired a distinguished reputation by several mathematical works. His merit at length obtained for him a pension from the government. He next co-operated with Diderot in compiling the Encyclopædia, for which he composed the preliminary discourse. Nor was he only celebrated as a mathematician; for he gave to the world several valuable historical and philosophical productions. Among them are the Eulogies on the Members of the French Academy of which body he became secretary in 1772. Splendid offers were made to him by the empress Catherine and the king of Prussia, if he would quit his country; but they were refused. D'Alembert died in 1783.

MISCELLANY.

FORTUNE.

A BLIND goddess, who sometimes bestows her smiles upon fools, in order to reconcile men of sense to her frowns; and often runs from the proud, to revisit the wretched. A man of fortune is one who is so unfortunate as to be released from the necessity of employment for the mind, and exercise for the body, the two great constituents of health and happiness; who has everything to fear and nothing to hope; and who consequently pays in anxiety and ennui more than the value of his money.— Fortune is painted blind, in order to show her impartiality; but when she cheers the needy with hope, and depresses the wealthy with distrust, methinks she confers the richest boon on the poorest man, and injures those upon whom she bestows her favors.

Te colimus, Fortuna, Deam, is nevertheless the motto to almost every man's conduct, however he may disclaim the confession with his lips; and few have a more ready excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men

never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know that they want money, while the former do not know that they want wisdom." Who so independent of the blind goddess as the ruined gamester, when he exclaimed, after a run of ill luck, "O spiteful Fortune! you may make me lose as much as you please, but I defy you to make me pay!"

Dryden evinces no great respect for this deity, when he exclaims—

"Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own."

GRATITUDE.

If this be justly defined as "a lively sense of benefits to come," ingratitude is so far preferable, that it is free from hypocrisy and sordid motives, and releases the benefactor as well as the benefited. If the one be a calculating virtue, the other is at least a frank vice. Great ingratitude cannot be common, because great beneficence is rare, and its alleged frequency, therefore, is often a pretext trumped up by the parsimonious to save their pockets. To be deterred by such a plea from practising charity, when we have the means, is to commit towards heaven the very offence which we are imputing to our fellow-creatures. Besides, one man's ingratitude is not another man's ingratitude. Beneficent people are rarely grateful; they look upon common favors like common politeness, as a matter of course. An apparent gratitude may sometimes be the sharpest revenge. Sir Charles Sedley, when he joined the Prince of Orange, said of King James the Second—"He has made my daughter a Countess, and I will show my gratitude by endeavoring to make his a Queen." It will be recollected, that Sedley's daughter, created Countess of Dorchester, was James's mistress, and that the Prince of Orange's wife, afterwards Queen Mary, was James's daughter.

LAZY BEAVERS.

It is a curious fact, says a trapper, that among the Beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The "Parresseux" are more easily caught in the traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; are all males. It is not all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after having been conquered and driven away from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working Beavers on the contrary, associate, males, females, and young together.—*Aududon and Backman.*

A QUAKER in a stage-coach with an officer, observed, that his sword was very troublesome. All his enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

HUMANITY.

It is much more shown in our conduct towards animals, where we are irresponsible, except to heaven, than towards our fellow-creatures, where we are restrained by the laws, by public opinion, and by fear of retaliation. The more defenceless and humble the creature, the greater is the merit of treating it kindly, since our tenderness must spring from a high principle or a feeling heart.— Show me the man that is a lover of animals, and I will answer for his philanthropy.

How refined and considerate was the humanity of the master-butcher, who, in defending his drover for inflicting a tremendous blow upon the eye of an ox, exclaimed, "What harm could he do by striking the beast over the head, where it does not injure the meat?"

HEART.

ACCORDING to a French author, those men pass the most comfortably through the world, who have a good digestion and a hard heart; the former preserving them from all the annoyances of dyspepsia, and the latter from those painful feelings to which the compassionate and the sympathising are perpetually subject. Such a man, indeed, may have fewer pains, but can he enjoy any pleasure, except the vulgar ones of sense? He that possesses a susceptible heart, has an inexhaustible mine of sweet emotions. Let him cherish its tenderness, and guard, above all things, against those outpourings of envy or uncharitableness, which inevitably harden the heart, as the foam exuded by testaceous animals encrusts into shell.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

THE horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse, put him in the "pound," a place for stray cattle. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added—

"If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I will do just so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing ground, and I drove them out and shut them up in your yard; and if they ever repeat the trespass, I'll do it again!"

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

MAKING EVEN MONEY.

A SHABBY genteel young man entered a tradesmen's store the other day with his hands crammed in both pockets, as if they were flush with the rhino.

"Mr. J—," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you sixty-two and a half cents, cash borrowed somewhere about a year ago?"

"Yes, sir," replied the tradesman, smacking his lips, and holding out his hand to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Oh! I never forget these things," said the fellow, "I like to have all things square, so I want you to lend me thirty-seven and a half cents more, which will make it even money."

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.

AN old clergyman, who had an old tailor as his beadle or officer, for many years, returning from a walk where Thomas was in the constant habit of attending him, thus addressed his fellow traveller:

"Thomas I cannot tell how it is, that our church should be getting thinner and thinner—for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and should have far more experience than when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas, "old ministers, now-a-days, are just like old tailors—for I am sure I can sew well as ever I did, and the cloth is the same, but it is the cut, sir—it's the new cut."

HIGHLAND PRIDE.

MACDONALD, the last of the Lords of the Isles, happening to be in Ireland, was invited to an entertainment given by the Lord Lieutenant. He chanced to be among the last in coming in, and sat himself down at the foot of the table near the door. The Lord Lieutenant requested him to sit beside him. Macdonald asked in his native tongue, "What the earl said?" On being told that he was desired to move towards the head of the table, he replied, "Tell the earl that wherever Macdonald sits, that is the head of the table."

FEE.

A CERTAIN Esculapian, never known to refuse his golden honorarium, not having received it one morning from a patient whom he had been long attending, affected to be searching about very earnestly upon the floor. "What are you looking for, Doctor?" inquired the sick man. "For my fee," was the reply; "not finding it in my hand, I suspect I must have dropped it." "No, Doctor, no; you have made a small mistake; it is I who have dropped it!"

MINDS.

LARGE ones, like pictures, are seen best at a distance. Their beauties are thus enhanced, and their blemishes concealed—a process which is reversed by a close inspection. This is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries and overrate the ancients.

A GENTLE HINT.

A SPRUCE young man, gallanting his intended, was conversing upon the late turn out, when he remarked that "he wished he was able to maintain all the factory girls in Lowell for six months. He would do it to prevent their returning to the mills." His fair one, who till now had been a silent listener to his patriotic discourse, replied, with a sigh—"Ah, sir, I wish you were able to maintain one of them."

A LINGUIST.

"I SAY, Bob, you have been to Canton hav'n't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, can you speak China?"

"Y-e-s, a little; that is, I speak broken china."

THERE is a man in Illinois named Barrow who has changed his politics so often, that he has own got the "sobriquet" of wheel Barrow.

FORTUNE-TELLER—A pickpocket, discerning enough to limit his or her depredations to gulls and simpletons. The girl who told the gipsy by whom she had been promised a large fortune, that she might deduct another sixpence, provided she would realize her prediction, and pay over the remainder of the money at once. It is remarkable that in our aspirations after wealth, we never betake ourselves to the wealthy, who might be the most likely to communicate the secret of its acquisition; but rather lend ourselves to the delusions of the ragged and the starving, whose poverty is the surest proof that they are totally ignorant of the *magnum arcanum*. One must have the ears of Midas to listen to those who pretend to possess his touch.

HISTORY—The Newgate calendar of kings and rulers, which finds no materials in the happiness or virtue of states, and is therefore little better than a record of human crime and misery. It may be doubted whether we should tempt children to become misanthropes, by perusing it too early. At a more mature age they may beneficially distinguish the momentary triumph of crime, from the eternal lot of virtue. To form an opinion of human nature from a perusal of history, is like judging of a fine city by its sewers and cess-pools.

HEAD—A bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff box or a chatterbox—as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for anything, in short, but brains.

HETERODOXY—is another man's doxy—whereas Orthodoxy is a man's own doxy. The definition is an old one, but it might be difficult to give a new one which should be more accurate. *Hales* defines heresy and schism as religious scare-crows—they might be efficient ones formerly, but now-a-days they will scare few birds except gulls and dotterels.

AN officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it—Damn it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why, so, Colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon, but none with my hatter.

A LINK-BOY one very dark evening, asked Doct. Burgess the preacher, if he would have a light? No replied the doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is devilish dark.

A GENTLEMAN observing his gardener with an old broad-brimmed hat on, jocosely asked him, who gave him that cuckold's hat. It is one of your old ones, replied the gardener, that my mistress gave me yesterday, when you were at the races.

HYPPOCHONDRIA.—The imaginary malady with which those are taxed who have no real one.

A MEMBER of the tonsorial profession having purchased a lot of soap that fell short some dozen cakes, was informed that was decidedly the greatest *shave-in-soap* he had ever heard of.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

THE CLOSE OF THE 25TH VOLUME.

A TWELVE-MONTH has passed away, another Volume of the Repository is finished. If this could teach in its true import the brevity and the worth of time, it would be a most precious volume. Short as the span may seem on looking back, what scenes of joy and wit, of brilliant hope and crushing despair; of mighty plans and baffled designs has it not produced and witnessed. But we may not go back over the past, we must learn the record as it is written on each brow, and the remembrance as it is cherished in each heart.

We return our thanks to our patrons and hope that they will favor us with a continuation of their patronage which they have bestowed upon us for more than a quarter of a century.

There are we regret to say, some delinquent subscribers, and those too who would doubtless pay, without delay if the demand were larger, but one dollar is such a trifling sum, that they think it a matter of no consequence. They do not reflect that many of our subscribers may be doing the same thing; putting off the day of payment. And yet, if the RURAL were not furnished promptly by the day promised, what complaints we should hear.

We hope the patrons of the Repository will take this subject into consideration. The close of the year is at hand when small demands should be provided for, and particularly those which are like the scattered subscriptions for a periodical, very difficult to be collected unless the debtor is really honorable, and chooses to discharge them.

NOTICE TO AGENTS, &c.

THE present Post Office Law, will probably prevent our sending a Large Prospectus as heretofore, in consequence of the extra expense; but the matter contained in one, and all the necessary information concerning Clubs, etc. can be ascertained from the one on our last page. We respectfully solicit all our subscribers to endeavor to get up a Club in their vicinity for the next Volume.

CIRCUS.

Sands, Circus is coming heigho! heigho!
Where every fair lady, may go with her beau,
"A little fun now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

R. SANDS & Co's Magnificent Mammoth Troupe of Equestrians and Animals, will be exhibited on the 20th of this month. The leading features of this extensive Company consist of a pair of trained Elephants, and 10 Egyptian Camels, 20 Lilliputian Ponies, who are taught to perform all kinds of wonderful feats. We presume that it will be one of the greatest performances ever exhibited in this City. Messrs. Pentland and Aymar the distinguished Clowns—

"Will make those laugh who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed, now laugh the more."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Mrs. H. B. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$4.00.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Jacob C. Duy, Mr. Abram M. Myers to Miss Catherine, daughter of Mr. Jacob L. Potts, all of Livingston.

In Livingston, on the 29th, ult. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Henry Perlee to Miss Emeline Butler, all of Germantown.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 3d inst. Henry C. Bottsford, infant child of Alex. Bottsford, aged 1 year and 9 months.

On the 7th inst. Isabella, daughter of Wm. and Esther M. Benedict, aged 8 years.

At Stuyvesant, on the 29th ult. Mr. Peter V. N. Van Allen aged 44 years.

At Williamsburg, on the 31st. ult. Helen, daughter of the late William Mather, aged 20 years.



POETRY.

From the Olive Branch.

THE DESTINY OF YOUTH.

OF bath it been my lot to scan,
The youth's resemblance to the man,
In every wayward phase;
And oft, at night, the school-room door,
In thoughtful mood I've stood before,
To mark their different ways.

In all their noisy, careless glee,
From school restraint and thralldom free,
The romping urchins come;
Thoughtful and light, sedate and gay,
Each one pursues his usual way,
With varied action, home.

Here goes a precher, there a judge,
While at their heels doth bolus trudge,
With pill concocting look;
A merchant and mechanic next,
By weights and measures, quite perplexed,
In calculating book.

Here doth a future statesman pass,
Now undistinguished from the mass,
And careless as the rest;
And there a clown with noisy pranks,
For which the traveller seldom thanks,
With wisdom walks abreast.

These are the men that soon will guide,
O'er time's resistless changeable tide,
Our noble ship of state,
And on the training of these minds,
The stern, fixed law of heaven binds,
Our honored country's fate.

God of our stern and faithful sires,
Bekindle thou the altar fires,
In Freedom's sacred fane;
Our future statesmen's youthful days,
Guide thou in wisdom's narrow ways,
Or else our hope is vain.

Let their ambition be to gain,
The meed of truth—nor yet in vain
Let them their hopes embark;
But still to bless them, still to guide,
Mayest thou be present at their side,
Through every trial dark.

From the Sunday Mercury.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A Mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make;
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling with ice.

"My stars!" cried the mouse, while his eyes beamed with
glee,

"Here's a treasure I've found, what a feast it will be;
But hark! there's a noise, 'tis my brothers at play,
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat;"
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down, till he made himself fill;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me!" cried the doctor, "advice is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the
others.

Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome enough,
But eaten by one it was dangerous stuff,
So prepare for the worst;" and the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was
dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,
And some large ones may learn from the mouse and the
cake,
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,
For the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

EMBLEMATICAL.

DRESS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheeks like opening blossom;
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittering on her bosom.
And pearls and costly bracelets deck
Her round white arms and snowy neck,
Like summer sky with stars of night,
Her jewelled robe around her;
And dazzling as the noon-tide light,
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

PLAINNESS.

Another came—o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep, holy feeling,
Which mourns the heart should ever stray,
From the pure fount of truth away;
Around her brow as snow-drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
No pearl, no ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE ONE HOPE.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

A SINGLE withered leaf is left
Upon the forest tree,
By angry winds and storms bereft
Of other company;
And though its friends have long since gone,
The withered leaf still clingeth on!

So one fond hope within my breast
Remaineth there alone,
Unlike the falsely-flattering rest,
That long, long since have flown—
This single hope yet clingeth there,
To save my soul from dark despair!

It is—that when my hour shall come
To lie beneath the sod,
That angels take my spirit home
To commune with its God!
Let storms assail me as they will,
This one blest hope sustains me still!

W. B. STODDARD,
BOOK, CARD, JOB & FANCY
PRINTER,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

One door above the corner of Warren and Third-sts.

W. B. S. would inform the public that he has the greatest variety of the newest styles of type, cuts, and embellishments to be found in this or any other city; and that he is ready to do all kinds of PRINTING in a superior manner, and at the most reduced prices. He would also state, that he has a BOOK BINDERY connected with the above establishment, and persons wishing Books printed can also have them Bound, by making one contract for the whole, thereby making the expense come considerable less.

JUSTICES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LAND-
LORD'S LEASES, BLANK ROAD LISTS, &c.

For Sale at the Rural Repository Office.
Hudson, April, 1849.

New Volume, October, 1849.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 26, Commencing Oct. 6, 1849,

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1 Clubs from 45 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature, containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Valuable Recipes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-sixth Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 6th of October, 1849.

The "Repository" circulates among the most intelligent families of our country and is hailed as a welcome visitor, by all that have favored us with their patronage. It has stood the test of more than a quarter of a century; and amidst the many changes that have taken place and the ups and downs of life, whilst hundreds of a similar character have perished, our humble Rural has continued on, from year to year, until it is the Oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will also be embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th and 25th volumes, and any one sending for the 26th volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes as they wish at the same rate as that volume. All volumes not mentioned above will not be sold, except when a whole set is wanted.

Clubs! Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!!

2 Copies for \$1.50, being 75 Cents Each.

| | | | | | |
|----|-----|----------|-----|----|-----|
| 3 | do. | \$2.00, | do. | 66 | do. |
| 5 | do. | \$3.00, | do. | 60 | do. |
| 8 | do. | \$4.00, | do. | 50 | do. |
| 11 | do. | \$5.00, | do. | 46 | do. |
| 22 | do. | \$10.00, | do. | 45 | do. |
| 33 | do. | \$15.00, | do. | 45 | do. |
| 44 | do. | \$20.00, | do. | 45 | do. |
| 55 | do. | \$25.00, | do. | 45 | do. |

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.
Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1849.

NOTICE TO AGENTS, &c.

The present Post Office Law, will probably prevent our sending a Large Prospectus as heretofore, in consequence of the extra expense; but the matter contained in one, and all the necessary information concerning Clubs, etc. can be ascertained from the above. We respectfully solicit all our subscribers to endeavour to get up a Club in their vicinity for the next Volume.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice and receive Subscriptions.

